

CUPID and PSYCHE: ✓

822
K O R,

COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.



3
**DRAMATIC PANTOMIME
ENTERTAINMENT.**

Interpers'd with **BALLAD** Tunes.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
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M DCCXXXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Psyche, having long lain under the Displeasure of Venus, for being the Object of her Son Cupid's Passion, is at length taken into Favour by that Goddess; and Jupiter thereupon resolves to give them in Marriage to each other: This he makes known by a suitable Speech; and Cupid, by way of Reply, desires his Bride may be made Immortal: Jupiter assents, and gives her the Cup of Ambrosia for that purpose; then orders a general Assembly of the Gods to celebrate the Nuptials: Mercury publishes the Summons, Bacchus begins the Congratulation, Venus follows his Example, Apollo finishes it with a Promise of making their Fames eternal as their Loves; and the whole ends with a Dance of Pan and the Satyrs; and a grand Ballad in the Characters of Vertumnus and Pomona, with a Chorus of Nymphs and Sylvans.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The DRAMATIC.

leaves of ta- and hem be and his iter am- s a ate the tu- A- ak- es; Pan in Po- and tis	Jupiter, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan Mercury, Neptune, Mars, Pluto, Cupid, Ganymede, Vertumnus, A Swain, 1 Sylvan, 2 Sylvan, 3 Sylvan, Pan, 1 Satyr, 2 Satyr, 3 Satyr, 4 Satyr, 5 Satyr, 6 Satyr, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Diana, Ceres, Psyche, Pomona, 1 Nymph, 2 Nymph, 3 Nymph, 4 Nymph,		Mr. Nichols. Mr. Mountier. Mr. Waltz. Mr. Rainton. Mr. Mountier. Mr. Snider. Mr. Hewson. Mr. Jones, jun. Master Kilbourne. Miss Norris. Mr. Lally, sen. Monf Poitier. Mr. S. Lally. Mr. Davenport. Mr. Topham. Monf. Le Brun. Mr. Olbeldiston. Mr. Leigh. Mr. Warwell. Mr. Burnet. Mr. Hicks. Mr. Bethun. Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Elmy. Miss Palms. Mrs. Herle. Miss Young. Mrs. Walter. Mademoiselle Grognet. Mrs. D' Lorme. Mrs. Davenport. Mrs. Anderson.
		Followers of Vertumnus.	
		Followers of Pan.	
		Followers of Pomona.	

The COMIC.

Harlequin,
A Spaniard,
Pierot, his Servant
 Mynheer Bassoon,
 Signior Trebelino,
 Monf. Quādrille,
 Mr. Plumb,
 1 Cöbler,
 2 Cobler,
 3 Cobler,
 4 Cobler,
 Colombine,
 Her Maid,
 Old Woman,

Lovers of Co-
lombine.

Monf. *Le Brun.*
 Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
 Monf. *Poitier.*
 Mr. *Waltz.*
 Mr. *Mountier.*
 Mr. *Giles.*
 Mr. *Topham.*
 Mr. *Olbeldiston.*
 Mr. *Leigh.*
 Mr. *Hicks.*
 Mr. *Bethun.*
 Mrs. *Clive.*
 Miss *Atherton.*
 Mr. *Mullart.*



CUPID



CUPID and PSYCHE:

O R,

COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.

S C E N E I.

[*After an Overture of grand Musick, the Curtain rises, and the Stage appears cover'd over with Clouds; which, breaking up by degrees, Jupiter and Juno are discover'd on a magnificent Throne; and Neptune, Apollo, Pallas, Mercury, Venus, Cupid, Psyche, &c. rang'd, as in Council, on each Side of the Stage.*]

JUPITER.



O-DAY, Ethereal Pow'rs! it is our Will,

That *Hymen* bless th' enamour'd God of Love

With *Psyche's* peerless Charms: He that was wont

To scatter Bosom-Mischiefs thro' the World;

That

That dar'd to wound his Kindred-Gods, and make
 Ev'n *Jove* himself sit fighting on his Throne :
 He begs Relief ; nor shall he beg in vain :
 In *Psyche's* Arms the froward Boy shall taste
 The Sweets of happy Love, and learn to give
 A like Indulgence to the World below.

A I R.

*Lovers now no more shall languish ;
 Sorrow shall forbear its Anguish ;
 Hope shall fan the am'rous Fire ;
 Pleasure wait upon Desire :
 Wedded Hearts shall flame together,
 Each bestowing Joy to either.
 Beauty ever happy prove ;
 And Constancy attend on Love :
 Love and Beauty now shall join,
 And their Reign endure like mine.*

Cup. King of the Gods ! majestic *Jove* ! you
 grant
 But half my Pray'r, but half you bless my Vows,
 If my lov'd *Psyche* must be rudely torn,
 By Death's cold Hand, from my despairing Arms,
 To mix in common with the vulgar Dead.

A I R.

*Suppliant, see, I kneel before thee ;
 Hear with Pity, I implore thee :
 Let my Psyche share with me,
 Heav'n and Immortality :*

Or

*Or let me Earth to Heav'n prefer,
And be indulg'd to die with her.*

Jup. Thy Pray'r is granted, *Psyche* shall become
Immortal as thy self, and fill thy Arms
With an Eternity of Joy. — From *Jove's*
Imperial Hand, th' ambrosial Cup, with Life
And Health o'erflowing, shall enrich her Charms
With never-dying Bloom; and make her Youth
Endure like the fresh Rose, that ev'ry Morn,
Renews its blushing Pride on *Hebe's* Cheek.

[*Jupiter delivers the Cup to Psyche.*]

Psy. All bounteous *Jove!* with humblest Gra-
titude,
I take th' inestimable Gift. Yet not
For never-dying Bloom this Transport flows;
But, that thy Godhead deigns to bless my Vows;
And make me happy in my Lover's Arms.

A P R.

*What Fate attends the Rose,
Which in the Desert blows!
In waste its Odour flies;
Unseen, its Beauty dies:
Or should it last for Ages fair,
What Eye would see it flourish there?
'Twould be a nobler Fate to die,
In giving the Beholder Joy.*

Jup. Now, *Hermes*, summon all th' *Ethereal*
Pow'r's,
To celebrate the Nuptial Rites of Love
And Beauty! Fill the Universe with Joy!

Lct

Let Mortals taste the Pleasures of the Gods!
And ev'ry God vie in Delight with Jove!

A I R.

Mer. *Mortals! hear the Will of Jove!
Joy, that Beauty blesses Love!
Now's the lucky time to woo;
Now the flying Fair pursue;
Now she'll hear, and answer too.*

C H O R U S.

*Now's the lucky Time to woo;
Now she'll hear, and answer too.*

Mer. *Hear, ye Natives of the Skies!
Ev'ry Demi-God arise!
'Tis Jove's supreme Command,
That Love and Pleasure, Hand in Hand,
Shall the glad Hours in Mirth employ,
And fill the Universe with Joy;*
Chorus. *And fill the Universe with Joy.*

[End of the First Scene of the Serious.]

S C E N E II. *A Study.*

[The Spaniard is discover'd sitting in his Night-Gown, and writing a Letter; Then comes forward and sings the following Song.

A I R

A I R.

*Span. Who, to win a Woman's Favour,
 Would solicit long in vain?
 Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
 Would endure an Age of Pain?
 Idly toying,
 Ne'er Enjoying;
 Pleas'd with suing,
 Fond of Ruin,
 Made the Martyr of Disdain.*

*Give me Love the beauteous Rover
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,
 Fondly Blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying;
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy Arms!*

[The Spaniard rings a Bell, and, Pierot his Man, enters yawning, as half asleep: He orders him to call the Maid, with a Basket of Wild-Fowl for a Present to Colombine his Mistress. Pierot re-enters with the Maid, &c. The Spaniard counts over the Fowl, while Pierot gazes wishfully at 'em; and gives him the Letter with proper Instructions; who puts it carefully into his Pocket, and then the Scene closes.]

B

S C E N E

S C E N E, *A Street with Colom-
bine's House.*

[*Harlequin* comes on in a musing Posture, and discovers *Pierot* entring with his Basket at the further End of the Stage, and seems contriving how to rob him. *Pierot* walks on to the middle of the Stage, appearing very careful of his Basket; when, of a sudden, the Musick of the whole Band stops, and a single Flagelet only is heard playing a proper Tune. On which *Pierot* stops, sets down his Basket between his Legs, and leaning on his Staff seems mightily pleas'd with the Musick: *Harlequin* comes behind, pulls away the Staff, and runs away with the Basket.— *Pierot* finding his Letter safe, knocks softly at *Colombine's* Door, the Maid comes out, and leads him to her Mistress.

S C E N E *changes to a Chamber in Colom-
bine's House, and discovers Colombine.*

Pierot and Maid enter.

[*Pierot* gives *Colombine* the Letter, which she reads; and enquires for her Present: *Pierot* relates his Misfortune, and begs she would intercede with his Master to pardon him: She promises she will,

will, and goes out to write a Billet for this Purpose.

In the mean time, *Pierot* makes Love to the Maid, who repulses him, and sings the following Song.

A I R.

Maid. *Away! Dost think a Woman's Wit
No better Guard upon her?
Than, at the first Attack, to quit
The Fortrefs of her Honour,
Or say, she could no longer hold;
And should be forc'd to lose it;
The Hero must be stout, and bold,
And have the Sense to use it.
To use it, to use it,
And have the Sense to use it.*

At the Close, *Pierot* again addresses the Maid, and is surpriz'd by the Return of *Colombine* with the Letter: Which he awkwardly thanks her for, and goes out.

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

Enter *Pierot*, who goes to *Colombine's* Door as having forgot something, and, while he peeps thro' the Key-hole, *Harlequin* enters, observing him, and, by a Stratagem, gets in at the Window. *Pierot* stares about, wonders what's the matter, and goes out in a Fright.

S C E N E *changes to* Colombine's Chamber.

Harlequin and she meet with Abundance of Joy, and plot together to cheat the rest of her Lovers: After which she sings the following Song, and then they retire together.

A I R.

Col. *How happy's the Woman of Pleasure,
That frolicks at will in her Prime,
That riots in Joy above Measure,
And employs ev'ry Inch of her Time.
That, like People of Fashion, despises
Th Censure and Envy of Fools,
And commands, ev'ry Morn when she rises,
A fresh Levee of Lovers and Fools.*

S C E N E *changes to the* Spaniard's Apartments.

[The *Spaniard* is discover'd sitting before a Looking-Glass dressing. *Pierot* enters with *Colom-bine's* Letter, which his Master opens with Joy, and then turns with Anger to *Pierot*, who kneels for Pardon. The *Spaniard* then proceeds with his Dressing, and *Pierot* officiates as his Valet. After which he sends him for a Portmanteau, and in *Pierot's* Absence sings the ensuing Air.

A I R.

A I R.

Span. *O Love 'tis thy fallacious Arts,
That Mode of Dress improve;
Dress is the Source of vagrant Hearts
And Mode the Slave of Love.*

*The perfect Belle, the finish'd Beau,
When deck'd with all their Pride,
To the their vaunted Splendor owe,
For thee lay all aside :*

*In vain the Fair One's jewell'd Breast
May boast of double Charms,
Venus still looks, when naked best,
And in her Lover's Arms.*

Pierot returns with the Portmanteau; the Spaniard bids him take it on his Shoulder, and defend himself with a Pistol in case he is attack'd, and follows to guard him himself.

S C E N E *the Street.*

Enter Mynheer Bassoon and Signior Trebelino in a strong Debate; Harlequin joins them in the Habit of a Doctor of Musick; they make him Umpire, and sit down at the Back Scene: they each of 'em sing an Italian Air, and while they gape for Harlequin's Decision; he disappears, and leaves the two Disputants with a drunken old Woman

Woman between 'em, who sings the following Song.

A I R.

*Come, come, my brave Boys, let us booze it away;
Let us drink while we live, and live while we may.
While we drink we defy,
Ev'ry Woe to come nigh:
While we drink we invite
Ev'ry Joy and Delight, Fal, lal.—*

*By drinking, you Men find Relief from your Care,
We Ladies grow frolick and free as the Air;
'Tis with Drinking we find
In our Heart to be kind;
'Tis then we improve
The Moments of Love.*

SCENE changes to the Street with Colombine's House.

[The Spaniard and Pierot carrying the Portmanteau: They knock at the Door, and the Maid opens it: Colombine joins them, and the Spaniard addresses her in a Song.

A I R.

Span. *Thus at the Portal of your Gate,
I would an Entrance win;
Fair Creature, deign to ease my Smart,
And let me—let me in.*

Col.

wing Col. *Would you engage the Fair One's Heart,
Let Gold your Suit begin!
At Sight of Gold, she'll ease your Smart,
And let you——let you in.*

way; may. [At the End of the first Stanza, *Harlequin* comes in and strikes *Pierot* on the Knuckles, who drops the Portmanteau, which *Harlequin* runs off with. *Pierot* stands as if he held it still, till the Song is over, when *Colombine's* Maid comes to receive it; when the Lofs is discover'd, which he charges the Maid and *Colombine* with the Robbery; who, provok'd with the Affront, go off in a Rage. The *Spaniard* threatens to kill *Pierot*; *Colombine* appears at the Window, and sings as follows.

A I R.

Co- Col. *Did ever Lover thus compel
His Mistress to adore him?
Was ever Lover arm'd so well,
With Pistol cock'd before him?*

ort-the the *But you perhaps ne'er thought of Love,
And only meant to plunder;
So judg'd the surest way to move,
Was to declare in Thunder.*

t, ol. [While the *Spaniard* and *Pierot* are in this Perplexity, *Mynheer Bassoon* and Signior *Trebelino* enter, and inform them 'twas *Harlequin* had been guilty of this Theft: on which they all resolve on a Pursuit.

[The

[The S C E N E changes to a fine Portico; the Spaniard and Pierot re-enter, and discover *Harlequin* at the Window, on which they knock violently at the Door, and the whole Portico changes into a Shop with Workmen, who come forward, and dance with *Harlequin*, as their Master, in the middle of them.

S C E N E changes to *Colombine's Apartment*.

[*Colombine* and her Maid enter to the Spaniard, and Pierot, who, on making more Presents to the Courtezan, are reconcil'd again, and taken into Favour: Signior *Trebelino* and Mynheer *Bassoon* justifying their Behaviour, and describing *Harlequin's* Knavery.

A I R.

COLOMBINE.

*Pleasure's the End which all Mortals persue;
Deny it who can:
The Maid, that will blush when a Lover's in view,
Yet dreams of a Man.
The Prude that affects to be shock'd at the Name,
Like the Wanton, in secret, is pleas'd with the Game;
And, let her say what she can,
She doats on a Man.*

SPANIARD.

*Pleasure and Love, then, but differ in Sound;
Deny it who can:
In Woman our Pleasure's alone to be found;
And Woman's in Man.*

Let

*Let us vary the Objects, and change with the Breeze;
We follow each other, each other we please;*

*So, let us say what we can,
Love's the Pleasure of Man.*

B O T H.

Let us vary the Object, &c.

[In the Interval some Persons knock fiercely at the Door, *Pierot* goes to see who they are, when *Harlequin* enters as a Conjuror, with his Gown held up by his Man: he offers to entertain the Company, and they agree to his Proposal. But, on his attempting to strip them of their Clokes, &c. they seem angry, and refuse to be serv'd in that manner: on which he stamps with his Foot, and a formidable Figure arises, who terrifies them into Compliance. *Harlequin* then gives their Things to his Man, who carries them away: At which *Pierot*, suspicious of a new Robbery, takes up *Harlequin's* Robe, and discovers him. The whole Company prepare to seize him as a Cheat, when he jumps thro' the Scene and escapes.]

After he is gone, *Pierot* takes up his Wand, and strikes the Stage as *Harlequin* did before; when *Pistolet* arises, the Visitors run off frighted; *Pistolet* follows the first Figure, and *Pierot* after him, half surpriz'd, and yet pleas'd at the same Time.

A I R.

*Tho' boasting Men may fondly deem,
That we poor Souls are rul'd by them:
With a big Look and passionate Air!
Yet, spite of all their Strength and Skill,
We're sure to tame them as we will.*

*When Love's the Bait, and Woman the Snare,
In vain the Sage its Wisdom tries,
'Tis dazzled by our brighter Eyes;
The Sharper too may cheat in vain,
For Beauty cheats him o'er again,
There's Magick in Beauty—you know where.*

[SCENE changes to a House with a Colonnade. The Room above lighted up. Musick and Dancing. Pierot discovers Harlequin and Colombine at the Window; steals out to inform his Master, who enters immediately with Trebelino, Bassoon, &c. and running up the Stair-Case, in order to secure them, the House tumbles down, and changes into a Prison, and all, except Pierot, who is left without, are seen looking through the Grates.

[Then Harlequin, Colombine, and her Maid enter, and laugh at their Misfortune; after which, Colombine sings this Song.

A I R.

*What hungry poor Wretch, with a Banquet in view,
Would refuse to sit down, when desir'd to fall to?
With a fal, lal, &c.*

What

*What you push'd with such Vigour I'm ready to grant,
Where Plenty abounds, 'tis a Sin you should want.*

With a fal, fal, &c.

*How coldly they bear me! how long they delay?
I'm afraid they have fasted their Stomachs away.*

With a fal, fal, &c.

*What more then remains, but to lodge in my Breast
The Man, that I'm certain will stand to the Test.*

With a fal, fal, &c.

*[Harlequin goes off with Colombine, and Pierot
leaves his Master in the Lurch for the Sake
of the Maid.]*

S C E N E II.

*[All the Gods and Goddeses, as at the Banquet in
Honour of the Nuptials: with the Entertain-
ments before-mention'd in the Argument.]*

*Jup. Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride!
Let Heav'n*

*And Earth agree to gratulate the Band,
Which Love shall bind for ever fast; which
Peace*

*Shall ever bless with Smiles of Amity,
And Fame perpetuate while the World endures.*

A I R.

*Bac. Fill we then the sparkling Wine!
Roses round your Temples twine!
Ev'ry Moment let's improve,
Due to Pleasure, due to Love!*

CHORUS.

*Ev'ry Moment let's improve!
Due to Pleasure, due to Love!*

Bac. *Scorn we now the stubborn Wise,
That Frolick, Love and Wine despise!
Foes to Nature, not employing
What alone is worth enjoying!
Could they drink and love as we,
They'd love and drink eternally.*

CHORUS.

*Could they drink, and love as we,
They'd love, and drink eternally.*

Ven. *Were Venus silent in the gen'ral Joy,
When such a Royal Pair of Lovers breath'd
Their mutual Vows devoutly at her Shrine,
She'd ill deserve the Homage of Mankind.*

Ven. *Hitber then ye Graces fair,
Hitber all ye Loves repair!
Hopes, and Smiles, and pleasing Toys,
Fond Desires, and blooming Joys,
All ye beauteous, wanton Train,
That wait on Hymen's gentle Reign!
Hover o'er each princely Head,
And eternal Pleasures shed!
All your Pleasures are too poor,
They deserve a Thousand more.*

Apollo

Apol. What farther Recompence, the narrow
Bound
Of Love, and Pleasure, to such Worth denies,
The Voice of Fame, with ev'ry Muse to aid
The mighty Sound, shall pour into the Ear
Of Time, and echo down thro' ev'ry Age.

A I R.

Apol. Hark! hark, they strike the sounding String!
And ev'ry Muse prepares to sing:
Fir'd with the great Design,
Th' obedient Voices join,
And Harmony becomes indeed divine.

CHORUS

And Harmony becomes indeed divine.

Stay, stay, the potent Song!
And take the God along!
None less than he
Can make the Notes and Theme agree,
Or swell the Strain to Immortality.

CHORUS

None less than he, &c.

A I R.

Give, give your vain Presumption o'er!
And strike the sounding Strings no more!

True

Appl. What further Recompence, the narrow

*True Virtue, scorns your feeble Lay;
Safe, in it self, from all Decay,
I will flourish fresh and fair,
Increase with every Year,
Till Fame herself shall die, and Nature fade
away.*

A. I. R.

CHORUS.

Appl. Hark! hark, they strike the sounding string!

Till Fame, &c.

And every Muse prepares to sing
Till with the great Design,
The obedient Voices join,
And Harmony becomes indeed divine.

FINIS

And Harmony becomes indeed divine.

Stay, stay, the potent Song!

And take the God-along!

None left that be

Can make the Muse and Thome agree

Or swell the



None left that be, &c.

A. I. R.

Give, give, give, give, the sounding strings no more!
86 ON II

True

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